

The Abbeville Press and Banner.

BY HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1895. ESTABLISHED 1844

CLOTHING! CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

NICE! NEW! NOBBY!

SPRING HAS COME AND YOU WILL WANT CLOTHING APPROPRIATE to the SEASON

"COHEN HAS THEM."

JUST IN FROM THE NORTHERN MARKET.

Latest Weaves and Colors, and Cut to Fit, Made to Wear.

Prices Right!

Our Goods are arriving daily. Each train adds to our Immense Stock of Clay Worsted, Cheviots, Tweeds, Homespun, and Summer Kerseys, in Black, Brown, Blue, Grey, Drab and Mingles. Prices \$5.00 to \$20.00.

If you don't care for looks, you need not mind how or what your Clothes are made of, any kind of shoddy, printed, low grade wool goods, slighted in its make-up, and for the sake of cheapness will do. "Its all wool" and affords an excellent pretense for the store keeper to talk about. If it holds its color that's luck. If it stays together that's more luck.

Our Goods are not
* Built that Way. *

If you regard appearances, and want reliable clothing of material selected and made by the best Clothing Houses in this Country, with looks, style and durability in view, our Goods are entitled to your consideration. Every Garment we sell guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded.

Gents Furnishing Goods.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS ON THIS LINE.
Negligee Shirts, Summer Underwear, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Cuffs, Canes, Umbrellas and Every Article of Men's Wear.

HATS= Alpines, Crushes, Derbyes, Straws.

The new shapes in head wear are in, and we want to show them to you. Come in and take a look.
STRAW HATS= The Biggest Lot and Lowest Priced ever brought to this City. You look at the stuff and pass judgment.

PROMISES WE MAKE THE PUBLIC:

- 1st. The very Best Goods for least money.
- 2d. Satisfaction in every particular, or your money back.
- 3d. Latest Style and a Good Fit.
- 4th. To give the biggest value for your money you have ever had.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE AND MUST HAVE IT.

YOURS TO PLEASE, A. COHEN, Manager.

A Text for a Title.

The following lines are copied from "Christ the Arbitrator and Messenger of Peace." As there was no title, I send the text from Matthew.—RICHARD S. COLLINS.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."—Matt. 19: 19.

Come again, oh blessed spirit,
Breaking forth from silence deep,
Advocate all causes peaceful,
Though our rulers seem asleep.

Shall men made in God's own image
Still feed passions born of hell?
Languish off to feed those neighbors
We are told to love so well?

Rather let them sing the anthem
Heard on lovely Bethlehem's plain,
Honoring much the new-born Saviour—
Peace and good will, the refrain.

Let the messenger, still pleading,
Hasten the coming of that day
When men, weary of their sinning,
Back to God shall turn away.

Iowa, 1885. —Mary Outson.

Were halt the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

—Longfellow.

Comfort one another.—I Thessalonians 4: 18.

German Children's Easter.

"Come here, Hans and Maya," says the old German, and in an instant they are at his knee. "Did you ever hear the story of the white rabbit?" he asks.

No, they had never heard it. Then the old German begins by telling them that it is the eve before Easter. What of it? Then Mein Herr tells of the white rabbit. This particular white rabbit is wonderful and mysterious. If the children are good and mind their parents and are truthful and kind to each other, this white rabbit will steal into the house, when everybody is asleep, and secrete any number of beautifully colored eggs in odd corners for the good little children. Then the white rabbit, after crying out, "Was ist los mit der kinder?" three times in a squeaky voice, disappears. This latter statement is probably a variation, peculiar to the old German, but it makes the children open their eyes until they are as round as china plaques, and that is sufficient warrant for the story.

Then the housewife comes in from her marketing, but the "kinderkins" do not see the heaps of eggs in the basket. They can think of nothing but the white rabbit.

Soon afterward they are tucked nicely in bed, but not to sleep. They are watching for the white rabbit. Was that it rattling at the blinds? No, it is only the wind. So, while they

are turning the question over in their minds, the housewife is in the kitchen boiling the eggs in many gay patterns of cheap print cloth, which ultimately leaves them decked in all the hues of the rainbow. There are blue eggs, green eggs and red eggs, and eggs that are all three colors and more besides. The old German chuckles as he sees them, for they remind him of the times he went egg hunting with his gray haired frau along the Rhine. When the eggs are all nicely done the old German takes them and hides them away in various corners where they cannot easily be found. It is almost dawn before the children fall asleep. When they awake it is broad daylight and Easter morning. How about the white rabbit? Has anybody seen it? The mother is certain she heard a noise. The father is not quite sure whether they have been good enough or not. When they are dressed he leads them all over the house in search of the eggs, left by the white rabbit. They are nowhere to be found. Alas! they have been bad children. Just then over in the dark corner, the father spies a gorgeous red egg. How the children shout as they carry the prize into the light. Then more and more are found, until there can be no possible doubt that the wonderful white rabbit thinks them very good children. This ends the German children's Easter.—New York Herald.

Firm Old Bible.

Last eve I stood before a blacksmith's door
And heard the anvil ring its vesper chimes;
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," he answered, then, with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammer out, you know."

And so the Bible, anvil of God's word,
For ages—skilful blows have beat upon;
And thro' the noise of false, Voltaire, was heard,
The anvil is unsworn—the hammers gone.

Apprentice flows of ignorance, falsehood,
Many a woe with sound, and blinding sparks death-whirled;
The Master holds and turns the iron, His Truth,
And shapes it as He wills, to bless the world.

—Your first step in the direction of God is not taken when you put on your Sabbath clothes and walk demurely into your pew. No; but it is taken when you put humility upon your proud heart, and fill your hot heart full of meekness and resignation and quietness and contrition, and a broken, heavenly, holy heart. To hold your peace when you are reproved is a direct and sure step toward God. To be silent when you suffer wrong—God takes at that great moment a great step of His toward you. To let a slight, an insult, a blow, a scold, a sneer fall on your head like an excellent oil, and on your heart like your true dessert—"with that man will I dwell," says the God of Israel in His prophet.—The Rev. Andrew Whyte, D. D.

Rooms to Let.

I have been thinking of how many people have rooms to let in their nature, and sometimes they are the very best rooms. I believe there are people who have turned the key on rooms in to which they never enter—rooms from which they once saw such lovely views; but the one who was in that room with them has gone and they cannot enter that room: it is closed. They occupy other rooms, and they do their work, but the time comes when the heart gets hungry and they think of their empty rooms. Perhaps, as I said, they would be glad if some one wanted them, but in other cases, they would not have them occupied. I wish I could speak to such. I know of One who would like the empty rooms, and would like to have you sit with Him and look out of the broad windows over to the everlasting hills! And He would whisper to you that all you think is lost is not lost but only gone before, and that all will be yours again. But you must invite the Lord Jesus to come and occupy that vacant room; you must say:

"There is room in my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee."

Oh, the vacant lives! Oh, the vacant hearts! The lovely people! And yet there are such beautiful words spoken. Did you ever read "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose, and the

thirsty land shall become springs of water"? Oh, when and how? When the One I speak of comes to dwell. Life never looked sadder to me, in some respects, than it does to-day as I look out upon it. God made us, we all say this, no matter what our creed may be. If He made us what did He make us for? Ah! you say, that is just the question I often ask. Well, I answer, He made us for Himself to dwell in, to inhabit us, every room to be filled with His glorious presence. This is His will, His wish—is it ours? Is it not true that "other lords have had dominion over us" and we have driven Him from the home, His own home that He made for Himself? He cares no more for golden streets and pearly gates than we care. He wants human hearts; so do we. We want love; so does He. We cannot be satisfied without it; nor can He. He wants companionship, communion, fellowship; so do we. And every broken dream in your life, every room that has been left empty, all, all means that something brighter, more lovely beyond all you can conceive, is coming in its place.—Mrs. Bottom in Ladies' Home Journal. If any little love of mine May make a life the sweeter, If any little care of mine, May make a friend's life the fleet, If any lift of mine may ease The burden of another, God give me love, care and strength To help my toiling brother.

The Quaker of the Olden Time.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The Quaker of the olden time!—
How calm and firm and true,
Unperturbed by its wrong and crime,
He walked the dark earth through.
The lust of power, the love of gain,
The thousand lures of sin
Around him, had no power to stain
The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects
All great things in the small,
And knows how each man's life affects
The spiritual life of all,
He walked by faith and not by sight,
By love and not by law;
The presence of the wrong or right
He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
That nothing stands alone,
That whose gives the motive, makes
His brother's sin his own.
And, pausing not for doubtful choice
Of evil great or small,
He listened to that inward voice
Which called away from all.

O spirit of that early day,
So pure and strong and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew,
Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of Truth to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer!

If ye forgive men their trespasses,
your heavenly father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.—Matthew 6: 14, 15.